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Fanny Fern's favorite

London

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...TTIE'S PR...AVOURITE ... BOOK.

FANNY FERNS FAVORITE.

A MAGAZINE OF

MIRTH, MUSIC, MELODY, and MERRIMENT,

BEING A SELECTION OF

LAYS for the LADIES; LYRICS for the LASSES; and LOVE DITTIES for the LADS, in Town and Country.

Suitable for all Seasons, all Places, and all Company.

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London: PATTIE, 31, Paternoster Row. One Penny.

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane! my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear,
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and lasses in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, &c.

IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I feel their blessings on me wave,
And deem myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love—
Joy, joy, too bright t. last!
Oh, why will cruel time remove,
Or Mem'ry paint the past!

And here, alas, when they are gone
In Beauty's own array;
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away;
But oh, it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last,
Ah, if such dream Time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past!

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART! GOOD BYE!

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.

How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is 'biding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms.
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye! good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer,
The Lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here! yet I am here!

For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I said
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye!

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Oh, Willie is it you, dear, safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true dear they said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate and it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep and that dear familiar voice. (gloom,
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome welcome home.

We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of all, (the hall,
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in
The little ones were up till twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they've gone to sleep at last;
But they listened for your voice till they thought you'd never come,
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you, oh, welcome Willie dear.
Last night I wept and watched, by the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep, when I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again. when I found you had not come;
Oh, Willie we have missed you--welcome, welcome home!

WHEN I DREAM THAT YOU LOVE ME

A Favourite Song. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

When I dream that I love you you'll surely forgive
Extend not your anger to sleep,
For in vision alone your affections can live.
I rise and it leaves me to weep.

Then Morpheus envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me, your languor benign
Shohld the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
O, what rapture sweet cloe is mine.

Tho' in vision, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of thy presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torment sufficient.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses—
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true joys are found,

SWEARING DEATH.

Glee.—Music at all music publishers,

Swearing death to traitor slave,
Hands we clench and swords we draw,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.

Hearts and hands with all conspire,
Rebels threats we'll overawe,
Till life's last throb expires,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi, &c.

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beautious flowers grew,
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view.
I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
Bedecked by radiant morn:
But never found a spot so dear
As the cot where I was born.

Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageants, earthly state,
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold indeed,
They hold the heart forlorn:
Give me the spot I love so dear,
The cot where I was born.

WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE.

Music published by Wessel.

When I met thee first in May,
From my dreams will ne'er depart,
For the germ of love that day,
Had been planted in my heart;
A bud was in the bower,
Where we heard the throstle sing
And my love was like that flower,
When first we met in spring.

When next again we met,
It was summer's glowing prime,
And my love grown stronger yet,
Took its ardours from the time;
There was fruit upon the bough,
As we watched the sun decline,
And I thought the fruit was now,
Like that ripened love of mine.

Robed in autumn's mellow suit,
Did we next that bower see,
And the blossom, and the fruit,
Had been gathered from the tree;
And I said my love alone,
Would in winter ne'er decay,
So I won thee for mine own,
As the bride I wooed in May

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray,
That give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.
But there's an angel in the house,
Meek, watchful, and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near;
It is the one, the chosen one,
That's linked to us for life,
The angel of the happy home,
The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth,
I'm sure it must be so,
When round our path, scarce seen by us,
Such bright things come and go.
Are there not beings by our side,
As fair as angels are,
As pure, as stainless, as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?
Yes, there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innocent, and mild,
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each loved and loving child.

OH! AND HE LOVED ME DEARLY

From Miss P. Horton's Entertainment.

There was a young man came a courting of me—
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly"
The nicest young man as ever I did see,
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"
He was so tall and he was so smart,
When he asked I to marry him it made I start,
And his words went right clean through my heart
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

Says he, "I must manage to find two pound ten,
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love your dearly!
And as soon as I get it, we'll be married then:
For it's oh; and I love you dearly!
'Tis to pay clerk and parson and the ring to buy."
"I've got the money in the saving-bank myself,"
said I;
"Will you lend it me?" "Of course I will," was my
reply,
"For its oh! and I love you dearly!

When five golden sovereigns to him I lent—
Singing, "Oh? my dear, and I love you dearly!
And he showed I the ring, and I felt quite content—
Singing, Oh! and I love you dearly!
"I'll be off to the parson, at once, says he:
So he did, and got married, but it war nt to me;
And my money nor my lover never more did I see,
And its oh; that he loved me dearly!

MORAL.

Now all you young women take a warning of me
When they say "My dear, oh! I love you dearly!
Never lend chaps your money as I did to he—
Singing, "Oh! and I love you dearly!
If they cant find the money to buy the rings,
Who's to pay for the victuals and such like things;
For its often for your money, that a fellow sings
That its "Oh! but I love you dearly!

THE PRETTY GIRLS OF ISLINGTON.

Ballad, by Professor Clare. Music at Messrs. Holdernesse, 3, Church Row, Islington, and at 444, New Oxford-street.

The pretty girls, of Islington,
Are beauties, rich and rare;
The fame of all their loveliness,
Is spreading everywhere;
You see them grace the crystal halls
The palace and the cot;
They form within the loviug heart,
The true forget me not.
The pretty girls of Islington,
Are sweeter than the day;
No flow'r that in my garden grows,
Is half so fair and gay.

The Rose, it pales before their bloom
The Lily's whiteness, shades;
The honey suckle's sweetness goes,
The violet's beauty, fades,
Their sparkling eyes, are like the stars,
But only far more bright,
Their happy hearts, so truly beat,
To fill us with delight.
The pretty girls, of Islington,
Are sweeter than the day;
No flow'r that in my garden grows,
Is half so fair and gay.

And if to seek the charms of life
Which English maidens give;
There is no other spot on earth,
Where I would wish to live.
I've rov'd thro' many fav'rite haunts,
But I have never seen,
Such beauty, grace, and loveliness,
From cottager, to Qneen.
The pretty girls, of Islington,
Are sweeter than the day;
No flow'r that in my garden grows,
Is half so fair and gay

IT'S NO USE TEASING POLLY.

Music by Professor Clare, at Holdernesse's, 3, Church Row, Islington, and 444, New Oxford-street.

'Twas on a summer day,
I met young Polly Gray,
The pride of all the village green,
A lassie blythe and gay.
For light and tripping air,
None can with her compare,
Whilst in my heart she'll ever reign,
And find no rival there.
I dearly love my Polly,
Let no one call it folly,
For all the lads and lasses know
It's no use teasing Polly.

Her eyes are soft and blue,
Like violets starr'd with dew;
Her rosy cheeks, her smiling face,
Are beautiful to view.
Her locks all clustering flow,
Around her neck of snow,
Her form encircles every grace,
With rich and sunny glow,
This portrait of my Polly,
Is no romantic folly
But Nature true, I'll warrant you,—
It,s no use teasing Polly.

Down yonder shady grove,
Where murm'ring zephyrs rove.
The birds were singing in the trees,
And all things whisper'd love.
Like some enchanting spell,
From music's breathing shell,
The sounds came floating on the breeze
With harp's æolian swell.
'Twas there I won my Polly,
With no presuming folly,
Her heart's so true. 'twixt me and you.
It's no use teasing Polly.

ENCORE VERSES.

'Tis soon she'll be my bride,
And I shall own with pride,
The girl who welcomed me with smiles,
At merry whitsuntide.
So lovers take your cue,
There's not a chance for you;
To all your loving arts and whiles,
You now must bid adieu.
I dearly love my Polly,
Though some may call it folly;
With hearts so true—'twixt me and you,
It's no use teasing Polly.

Though fortune crowns my fate,
Permit me just to state,
There still are maidens fair and gay,
There's "Bonny Jean," and Kate.
This freedom pray excuse—
I'm sure you can't refuse;
I merely mentioned by the way,
This little bit of news.
So don't be tempting Polly,
You know 'tis idle folly,
With hearts so true—'twixt me and you,
It's no use teasing Polly.

VICTORIA! SOVEREIGN OF THE EAST.

Music by Professor Clare, at Holdernesse's, 3, Church Row, Islington, and 444, New Oxford-street.

Crown ye Victoria!
Sovereign, cum Gloria!
Reigning o'er India's shore,
Wielding full sway.
Heroes of British fame,
Lust'ring your honour'd name,
Put rebel hosts to shame,
Lead on the way.

CHORUS.—Long live Victoria!
Loud our Excelsior!

Where be the traitor-knave
Would not the battle brave
Seeking a soldier's grave
Glorious and free?
Still while we gather pride,
Where we our hopes confide,
Ruler of armies guide
Our trust in Thee!

So when the battle's won—
War's mad career is run—
And the great deeds are done,
Quelling alarms!
Extol the mighty hand,
That strengthen'd Britain's band,
Crowning our native land,
Glorious in arms.

I CONSTANT AM TO THEE.

Sung by Mr. Braham at the Canterbury Hall.

Music at Purdy's.

I'll give thee some sure tokens my constancy to prove,
When I'm upon the trackless seas far from the maid I love,
In the moon I see thee chaste and bright tho far far on the sea,
So when thou seest that planet, love my eyes and thoughts on thee,
So when thou seest that planet love, be sure I'm true to thee.

And in the absence of the moon when stars illume the sky,
There I see thy beautys brightness as it shines on me from high,
And when you see those sparkling gems tho far apart we be,
They are a token dearest maid I constant am to thee.

At rising or at set of sun with brilliant glory spread,
The sea then looms like liquid gold as doth the mountains head,
There in I see thy matchless worth tho far away be.
At rising or at set of sun I constant am to thee

THE FOREST SHADE.

Sung by Miss Brian at the Nobility's Concerts,

Music at Davidsons.

The green leaves fade in the forest shade,
The flowers in the lowly vale,
When the verdure dies in autumnal sighs
And yields to the wintry gale,
And yields &c.

But the blooming spring on a sportive wing,
Glides slyly over the scene,
On each flowery bed in new odour shed,
And the leaves of the forests are green,
Again do the forests look green,

So grief unshrouds in her misty clouds,
The heart when o'er shadowed by pain,
Till hopes bright glance dispels the mist,
And happiness smiles again
And happiness &c

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

Sung by Mr. Henshaw, at Canterbury Hall.

Music by E. Lund.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung!
We climbed the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright-topp'd heather;
Methinks it was but yesterday—
Since we were boys together.

CHORUS.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since were we boys together

Methinks it seems but yesterday—
Since we were boys together.

There's gladness in remembrance, John;
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal and woe of life,
No change that friendship knew,
We've miss'd some lov'd ones one by one,
And turned our wreaths of heather—
In fancy, as we've deck'd their tombs,
Since we were boys together.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our prime is o'er,
The flower, the nest, the humming bee,
For us has charms no more
And our frail forms are fading fast,
We cannot bound the heather;
As hand in hand with gladsome brows,
We did when boys together.

THE HARDY NORSEMAN.

Music at Holdernesse's, 3, Church Row, Islington, and 444, New Oxford-street.

The hardy Norseman lived of old,
Upon the stormy wave,
And there he won his great renown,
The bravest of the brave;
And like our noble ancestors,
To whom all glory be,
He left his gallant sons a name—
The rulers of the sea.
The Hardy Norseman, &c.

The treasures which our sires bequeathed
We'll keep through weal or woe.
And be the weather fair or foul,
Ne'er crouch to foreign foe.
And as our fathers sallied forth,
So we will ever be,
The guardians of our nation's rights
The rulers of the sea.
The Hardy Norseman. &c.

A thousand years are past and gone,—
The Norseman's daring band,
Went sailing o'er the briny deep,
And left their native land.
And when they reached fair Normandy,
Their Kempion spirits rose,
In battle bold they conquering met,
And ruled their Norman foes.
The hardy Norseman, &c.

The Norsemen and their Norman foe,
The Dane, and Saxon tried,
Their warlike arts on Britain's sons,
Who all their power defied.
For though in England's early days,
Each for a time held sway,
The glories of ther ancient fame,
Have long since passed away.

Chorus.

And now the name of Englishman,
Upon the stormy wave,
Bears on its flag the bright renown
"The bravest of the brave."
And like our noble ancestors,
To whom all glory be,
We'll reign alone, whate'er betide,
The rulers of the sea.

SAY "YES," PUSSY.

Music published by Jullien and Co.

She sat close by his side,
His face with fear was wan,
He could not, though he tried,
Propose—that timid man.
He moved uneasy in his seat,
She asked him, was he ill?
He only shuffled with his feet,
His bosom's pain to still.

"Yes, no—no, yes—not very well,"
He said with a ghostly smile.
"But oh, I dare not, dare not tell
What ails me all this while.
I've very often tried to say,
Think of me if you can—
I hope I am not in the way;"
He was a timid man.

A favorite Tabby lay
Upon the lady's lap,
All in her own sleek way,
Taking a quiet nap.
"Oh, puss," she thought, "I wish you'd tell
All that he wants to know;
I really like him very well,
But must not tell him so."

"I'm sure you are very, very kind,"
She slowly thus began,
"But I—but I've made up my mind
Never to think of man.
I never can consent to change—
You should have asked before—
At least—that is—'tis very strange—
I cannot tell you more."

He gave all up for lost,
Took up his hat to fly,
But ere the room he'd cross'd
He heard a gentle sigh.
With beating heart he turned him round,
Then hit upon this plan:
His eyes were cast upon the ground—
He was a timid man.

"Oh, pussy cat," said he,
"Were I to ask her now,
D'ye think your mistress would have me—
Would listen to my vow?"
Aloud his thoughts he trembling spoke,
Then paused to hear his doom—
"Say yes, pussy—say yes, pussy,"
The lady answerd soon.

LOOK ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far,
And safer thro' life's cares to guide
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lie—
Close by the well of fears;
Yet why should merry fancies die,
Drown'd in a flood of tears!
Look alway on, &c.

Look always on the sunny side—
The guiltless bosom can!
Nor tremble 'neath life's roughest ride,
It is not worthy man.
Why should the heart, with vain regret,
Break joy's enchanting spell?
Tho' age become, love lingers yet,
In ev'ry flowery dell.
Look always on, &c.

Look always on the sunny side—
Earth's not forlorn or drear;
Hope ever be thro' life our guide,
My friends, nor shadows fear.
The clouds around the setting sun
Add glory to the skies—
Thus, shadows round us darkly flung,
Make brighter days arise.
Look always on, &c.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh, why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illume the glance,
That sees the bark set sail;
Look, look at her now and see her dance,
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not, that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
And only carries the brave;
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand,
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,
Shames all your strife on land.
The storm was long but it found me true.
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship.
And your boy goes down in the foam
Be sure the last breath on his lip—
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor-chain,
That whispered like a fairy bird—
"The bark will come again."
God bless you mother, adieu, adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? you aske fair creature,
Mark the note of ev'ry sigh,
Mark the glow of every feature,
Mark the maddening melting eye.
Restless, trembling, blest, uneasy
As the youth beside thee sits,
Views thy smiles, now pleased, now
Calm by turns, and wild by fits.
Ask the voice that sweetly falters,
Ask the ardent thrilling squeeze;
Ask the countenance that alters;
Smiles that melt and frowns that
What is love?
What is love you

AS ONE BY ONE OUR FRIENDS DEPART.

By L. M. Thornton.

As one by one our friends depart,
So long united to the heart,
In joy and sorrow too;
Thou also didst weep forgive the tear,
Who didst console, now deign to cheer,
Who cried fear not bid us not fear,
And peace of mind review.

At best but a few years can glide,
Ere each shall join the lov'd one's side,
Soul cheering promise given!
They are not lost but gone before,
Have cross'd the river reach'd the shore!
And from the eternal heights look o'er,
And beckon us to heaven.

THE QUIET HEART.

By L. M. Thornton.

I ask'd a rosy lass one day,
What made her always look so gay?
You toil and very hard I said,
Before you break your daily bread.
Yes, was the innocent reply,
Yet happy still—you ask me why,
I ne'er let Discontent intrude,
Upon the bosom's quetude.

I took the lesson with me home,
To profit by in days to come;
Not riches then that doth bestow,
The comfort which we all would know.
Sweet Resignation—only thou,
Canst cheer the heart and light the brow,
Sweet Resignation—only thou
Canst cheer the heart and light the brow.

ALONE BY THE OCEAN.

By L. M. Thornton.

Alone by the ocean,
At evening I stray!
The glorious sunbeams,
Are faded away,
With shells and with pebbles,
The children depart;
To visit in slumbers,
Sweet dreams of the heart.

They have their bright season,
And I have had mine,
Ere stern fate had doom'd me,
My all to resign.
When into one bosom,
My woes I could pour;
That now lash as waves do,
A desolate shore.

TO A FRIEND.

On her Requesting me to "Let her off one Sunday." By L. M. Thornton.

Sadly and gloomy now,
Passes the day;
What would it be, love
If you were away?

Where this vast city then,
Wandering through;
Should I find any one,
Equal to you.

Blest but when near thee love,
Sad when away;
How can I dearest, then
Spare you that day.

OH SING NO MORE THAT SONG TO ME.

By L. M. Thornton.

Oh, sing no more that song to me,
I cannot bear it now;
There was a time when I could sit,
And be as blithe as thou.
And sing the very song which I,
To night refuse to hear!
I heard it sung in happier days,
A stranger to despair.

Among this friendly group I know
Are some who'll rise and sing,
Those songs which shall the spirits cheer
While time is on the wing.
But oh! the ballad you propose
Would only make me weep;
And bitter recollections rouse,
Which at this moment sleep.

JOY IN EVERY FACE IS BEAMING.

THE TIDINGS OF PEACE. By L. M. Thornton

Joy in every face is beaming,
Hearts beat high and voices ring,
War no longer slays its thousands,
Lo the olive branch we bring,
Shout then England raise your voices,
High as heaven's eternal throne,
Change the war drum to the Tabor,
Swords to ploughshares—peace is known

Henceforth down the cheek of beauty,
Shall no tears of sorrow fall,
Wives no longer see their partner
Drop beneath the vengeful ball.
Lisping babes the parents treasure,
Still shall own a fathers hand,
Peace with her twin sister Plenty,
Reign triumphant o'er the land.

ANSWER TO "GOOD BYE SWEETHEART GOOD BYE"

Air—Good Bye Sweetheart.—Thornton.

When first affection's vow you plighted,
I own it was by me beleived,
You ask the truth you ne'er have slighted,
Nor once deceived, nor once deceived!
Your country calls you, haste away,
Perchance to conquer or to die;
And my sad looks not lips now say,
Good bye sweetheart, good bye.

The sun is high the flowers are blooming,
The Cuckoo's note is heard afar;
You go to hear a sound how dreary,
The blast of war, the blast of war,
For the last time your hand I take,
Mid tears we dimly each descry;
Would I could die love for your sake,
Ere call'd to say good bye

KIT THE COBBLER.

Sung by Mr. C. W. Bernard at Canterbury Hall.

Kit the cobbler, has built him a stall
By the side of the Barley Mow;
And he leaves his shoes to run after the news.
It's the way of the trade, I trow,
There he'll sit, in the tap, with his jug in his lap.
And he gives as his reason why
That he's forced to get, to a tap that's wet,
When the tap of his own gets dry.
And tap! tap! on the stone on his lap,
For an hour or so, in cold weather,
You may catch him at work,
Nose and knees like a Turk,
Singing Oh, there is nothing like leather.
Singing Oh, there is nothing like leather,

The Clerk and he, they never agree,
For Kit at the Parson mocks;
And the cause of his wrath is, that one of the cloth,
Once put master Kit in the Stocks.
For Tory or whig, he don't care a fig:
The one is as bad as the other,
A ten pound note he will have for is vote,
He would'nt take less from his brother.
So, rap! rap! down with it slap,
A man should stick to his tether.
If I was rich, Oh! I'd not set a stitch,
But sing oh! there is nothing like leather.
But sing oh! there is nothing like leather,

Kit has a wife, as keen as his knife,
And as sharp as a bristle too;
And the folks do say she will have her way,
As wives, now and then, will do,
At night she'll wait, at the little front gate,
Till she hears him lift the latch;
Then out she'll fly!—Kit slips by
For he knows what he's like to catch.
Whack! whack! down it comes on his back,
And that not as light as a feather,
For he rubs and swears as he stumbles up stairs
Confound it there's nothing like leather.
Confound it there's nothing like leather.

HOME AGAIN

Home again home again,
From a foreign shore,
And O, it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more,
Here I dropped the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee,
But O, the friends I loved in youth,
Seem happier than me.
And if my guide should be the fate,
Which bids me longer room,
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my hreat to home.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place,
And O, I feel the childhood charm,
That time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof
I'll ask no palace dome
For I can live a happy life,
With those I love at home.

EVERY LAND MY HOME.

Sung by Mr. T. Farrant, at Weston's Music Hall.

Life is not all a desert waste,
As those would have us think,
Who sorrow's cup too often taste,—
Of joys too rarely drink;
For we whose pulses warmly beat
Tow'rds all whose hands we press,
Can make the waste a garden sweet,
By succouring distress.
No bound for me of earth and sea,
To bid me not to roam;
My nation shall be all mankind,
And ev'ry land my home.

The dearest place shall be the spot,
Where first I drew my breath,—
Oh! ne'er be that first home forgot,
Till I forget in death.
The sweetest music that I hear
Still seems a village chime,
And where the warmest smiles appear
Is still the warmest clime.
No bound for me of earth or sea,
To bid me not to roam;
My nation shall be all mankind,
And ev'ry land my home.

DELHI.

Sung by Mr. F. Jonghmans, at the Canterbur Hall.

RECITATIVE

Mourn we for women, mourn for children slain
By treach'rous foes, for cruelty for gain!
For gallant men who oft have bravely fought,
And led the traitors, who their lives have sought.

AIR.

O'er Delhi's proud and lofty towers
We saw the flag of green,
It fluttered over scenes of blood
Where tyranny had been.
Where Nadir drew his glitt'ring sword,
To sheathed it not again
Until a hundred thousand lives
By his command were slain.

Those days have pass'd, now mutineers,
Successful for a time,
Have stain'd at Delhi India's page
With many a fearful crime.
The British Lion then was rous'd,
He sought the tiger's lair,
And those who smote in fancied pow'r
Soon trembled in despair.

Then came the storm of shot and shell,—
In vain the rebels fight,
Those who escape the traitor's doom,
Are sav'd by coward flight.
Then loud arose the victor shout,
It rang from shore to shore,—
That Britain conquer'd once again
That Delhi's reign was o'er

NOTHING MORE.

In valley fair I wandered
O'er its meadow pathways green,
Where a singing brook was flowing,
Like the sp'rit of the scene;
And I saw a lovely maiden
With a basket brimming o'er
With sweet buds, and so I ask'd her
For a flower and nothing more:

Then I chatted on beside her,
And I prais'd her hair and eyes,
And like roses from her basket,
On her cheeks saw blushes rise
With her timid looks down glancing,
She said, would I pass before?
But I said, that all I wanted
Was a smile, and nothing more.

So she shyly smiled upon me,
And I still kept wand'ring on,
What with blushing, smiling, chatting
Soon a breif half-hour was gone;
When she told me, I must leave her,
For she saw their cottage door,
But I would not till I rifted
Just a kiss, and nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,
And the joys then had birth.
Made an atmosphere of gladness.
Seem encircling all the earth;
One bright morning at the altar,
A white bridal dress she wore,
Then my wife I proudly made her,
And I asked for nothing more.

BLEST ONES AT HOME.

A Parody on the old folks at home.

O'er on the banks of life's pure river
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the blest ones stay;
All through this vale of tribulation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longhing for that haditation,
And for the blest ones at home.

CHORUS

All this world is sad and dreary,
Where'er I roam;
O. brothers, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the blest ones at home

Though many a devious path I've wandred,
In youths gay morn,
And many a precious hours I've squandered
And treated Heaven with scorn;
While seeking earths alluring pleasures,
Wretched was I;
Till I secured enduring treasures,
There with the blest ones on high.

From that one source are ever gushing
Memories of love;
Thoughts of that day upon me rushing,
Bear me to scenes above
There every sigh is changed to singing
Banished all gloom
Hushed every plaint, while joy is ringing,
Where dwell the blest ones at home.

Come let us join that happy concert,
Far, far, away
O let each saint and joyful convert
Press to ward the realms of day;
Come mourner filled with deep contrition,
Christ bids you come;
Come sinner flee from dark perdition
In Christ and Heaven there's room

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST.

A Favourite Sonnet, Sung by Sims Reeves.
Music at Dalmains.

Who shall be fairest,
Who shall be dearest
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When fortune is blindest
Bearing through winter the blossoms of spring
Charm of our gladness
Friend of our sadness—
An angel of life when its pleasures take wing
She shall be fairest—
She shall be rarest—
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest and dearest—
Nam'd but with honour and pride ever more?
He the undaunted,
Who's banner has flaunted
On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar
Fearless of danger—
To falsehood a stranger—
Looking not back while there's duty before!
He shall be nearest
He shall be dearest—
He shall be first in our hearts ever more.

THE SEABOY ON THE GIDDY MAST.

Sung by Mr. Russell Grover—Music at Purdy's, St. Paul's Churchyard.

To England's towers of oak farewell,
No more for me shall be unfurlled,
The canvas in the gale to swell,
The ocean is no more my world.
Yet this life's earliest years I fearless passed
A sea boy on the high and giddy mast.

There oft to cheer the midnight hour
The helmsman with a fancy free,
His ditty to the waves he'd pour,
Of love on shore and storms at sea.
And how the sea boy midst the rolling blast—
Keeps station on the high and giddy mast.

Dear were the sounds, tho' rude and hoarse,
Of helm's a lee or a weather,
To bring the vessel to her course—
And keep the sails well filled together.
And while on the look-out my eyes far were cast,
A sea boy on the high and giddy mast.

ONE FOND TEAR AT PARTING.

One fond tear at parting for those you love best.
It may be you ne'or will behold them again.
Twill lighten a little the load on your breast
And lull for a season the force of the pain.

The grasp of the hand, oh! how tender it is,
Wher you know that the heart with the hand doth agree,
Oh! there is not a moment more perfect of bliss,
Than when to the last true affection you see.

Then one fond tear at parting for those you love best,
it may be you ne'er will behold them again,
Twill lighten a little the load on your breast
And lull for a season the force of the pain.

'Tis not the vain boasting of friendship and love,
That testifies truly its influence reigns,
The earth owns the dews she receives from above,
But once let the sun rise they're chased from the plains.

Affection's affection in joy or in grief,
And rather rejoices the latter to share,
If it can but impart to the mourner relief,
And by its sweet antidote banish despair,
Then one fond tear at parting for those you love best,
It may be you ne'er may behold them again
Twill lighten a little the load on your breast
And lull for a season the force of the pain.

—o—

WHEN DO YOU MEAN TO CHANGE YOUR NAME.

'When do you mean to change your name?'
Sigh'd forth young Harry Bell,
"For since I first a-wooing came,
Charm'd by your beauty's spell,
Nigh all the fair ones in the green
Are with their happy partners seen."

Now Harry dearly lov'd his lass,
And she, as dearly him,
And thus to let their best days pass
Oh! wasn't it a sin?
I only wish that I could see
A nice young man to marry *me*.

I'd never hum and oh, *I* vow,
Now mark you what I'd say
In answer to "Will *you* have *me*!"
'*Yes dear*, I will—TO DAY!"
And wherefore should I answer so?
Delays are *dangerous* you know.

I MUST DECLINE YOUR OFFER, SIR.

I must decline your offer, sir,
Already I'm engaged,
And wish not from my lover's heart;
To ever be estranged,
Had I been free you might have seen,
All that you wish through life I'd been.

—o—

HARK? THE WEDDING BELL ARE RINGING.

Hark the wedding bells are ringing
Now come forth the happy pair,
Friends are flowers before them flinging
Wish them many a happy year.

Pale the brides cheek as a lilly,
Fair one, be now by thy side,
Woo'd thee, won thee, and will cherish,
To life's latest hour, his bride.

—o—

MY HEART IS YOURS.

My heart is yours,
And long hath been,
In it no difference,
You've seen.

Alike in joy,
Alike in woe,
No other Idol,
Would it know.

—o—

THE LONGEST DAY WILL HAV[E] AN END.

THE ABSENT ONES.

The longest day will have an end
And this dark day will go,
And ere to-morrow's sun doth set
You happiness may know.

Never despair, but forward look,
And brighter hours will dawn,
Sorrow endureth but a night,
Joy cometh with the morn.

—o—

THE BEST WISH,

Words by L. M. Thornton. Music by E. W. Cockram, Bristol.

Sweetest child how would you do.
Had I power to say to you,
While I wave my magic wand,
Straight commanding you to stand,
Altered be in mien and voice,
Instantanious to your choice,

Mark the happy child's reply,
Soon a warbler through the sky,
Would I flutter all the day,
Carroling my merry lay;
Light of spirit as of wing,
Gaily gaily would I sing.

Birds my dearest child you'll see,
Soon must scease their melody,
Oft when winter snows abound,
Lifeless are they on the ground,
Ponder, and oh! then rejoice,
That you fail to gain your choice.

Sooner strive while here you dwell,
Love in good things to excel,
Then oh! trust me you will find,
All to satisfy the mind,
All to make you blithe below,
And where sweetest notes do flow.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Music By Henry Keeler, Bristol.

There be none of beauty's flowers,
With a magic like thee,
As thou waftest through the bowers,
Thy sweet perfume to me.
Thy modest form revealing,
(Bright visions o'er me stealing.
Those sunny hours of gladness,
When my heart was free from sadness.
There be none, &c.

And the silver moon is waiving,
Her bright rays o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
Like a cherub form asleep.
So my soul looks back with pleasure,
On the best of earthly treasure,
With that spirit stir'd emotion,
Like the murmer of the ocean.
There be none, &c

SEE BRIGHTER HOURS IN STORE.

What, though perchance the iron hand,
Of care hath bow'd thee low,
What though awhile in secresy,
The bitter tears do flow.
Is there no silver lining to
The cloud dark hovering o'er;
Wait, only wait, and through the gloom,
See happier hours in store.

Look upward! then your motto be,
As through this vale you grope,
Retune that harp so dear to thee,
And sing your song of hope.
Despair Appolyon like may hurl,
His arrows o'er and o'er;
But you shall triumph, and at length,
See brighter hours in store.

I SLEPT, AND OH! HOW SWEET THE DREAM.

I slept, and oh! how sweet the dream,
Methinks I saw once more,
Each old familiar spot where I,
Had rambled o'er and o'er.
When with my tiny hands, I used
To bunch the flow'rets wild,
And carol forth my simple strain,
A happy happy child

Bright visions that which brings again,
A season frought with joy,
A summer's scene, ere winter stern,
Rides onward to destroy.
Come sweet dream come, and with thee bring,
Again those flow'rets wild,
The tearless eye, the rosy cheek,
And all that spoke a child.

RECALL THAT WORD

Recall that word thou hast unthinking spoken,
Say not thou wilt for ever from me part:
Canst thou rejoice in knowing thou hast broken
A tender, loving and confiding heart.

I lov'd but thee, and from the now to sever,
Thrice welcome death since life no joy can bring,
Cheerless this world if once were fled for ever
The orb which round it heavenly rays doth fling.

TO MY LITTLE NEIGHBGUR OPPOSITE.

It oft times happens that a child,
Can make us think of what we were
And back the happy season bring,
When we were free from toil and care.
It sometimes happens that we see,
A likeness in that cherub face,
To one who in our open hearts,
Hath found an everlasting place.

Dear little girl, that skips and plays,
And knows no grief the long day through,
Still shed the sun of joy its rays,
Thy sky of life, one sky of blue.
On either side thy youthful feet,
May Guardian Angels steps attend,
Till in a nobler world we meet,
So prays the poet and the friend,

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

Composed by P. S. Gilmore. Music at the Musical Boquet Office, 192, High Holborn.

Good news from home, good news for me
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.
Good news from home, good news &c.

No father's near to guide me now,
No mother's tear to sooth my brow,
No sister's voice falls on my ear,
No brother's smile to give me cheer;
But tho' I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to day,
For friends across the ocean's foam
Have sent to me good news from home
Good news from home, &c.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
'Twas theu I knew no grief or care.
My heart was always happy there;
Tho' I may never see it more,
Nor stand up on my native shore,
Where'er on earth I'm doom'd to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.
Good news from home, &c.

SAD NEWS FROM HOME!

Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

Composed by P. S. Gilmore. Music at the Musical Boquet Office, 192, High Holborn.

Sad news from home for me,
Friends gather in gloom—
Friends who have joined in glee,
Oft in that cottage home;
But oh! how chang'd that home is now,
No longer joyful hearts are there;
Within the tomb that aged brow,
That aged father's free from eare.

Sad news from home for me,
Friends gather there in gloom,
Friends who have joined in glee,
Oft in that cottage home.

Lonely a mother weeps,
Breaking her heart in vain,
Moaning for him who sleeps,
Ne'er to wake again.
And, oh! her loved ones by her side,
So sadly gazing through each tear,
Without a father for their guide,
Can ne'er again feel happy here.
Sad news from home, &c.

Far, far away I roam,
Far from my native land,
Oft will I sigh for home,
Sigh for each kindred hand;
Tho' I may ne'er again behold
Thehouse and friends so dear to me,
There is a Heaven we are told,
Where all that's good on earth shall be.
Sad news from home, &c.

THE CANTEENEER.

Words by W. H. Bilamy. Music by M. W. Balfe.

Sung by Miss Eva Brent.

They call me the Canteeneer,
I'm the pet of the whole brigade!
There is not a man from the rear to the van
But salutes to my gay cockade.
I'm the pet of the whole brigade, &c.

When the troops by day are marching,
When throats with thirst are parching,
And a "halt!" and a "halt!" and a "halt!" the bugals call,
Thro' the ranks I pass with my sparkling glass,
And a kindly nod for all;
And 'tis "here" and 'tis "here" and 'tis "here" and 'tis "here"
But not one lip of the cup will sip,
Without the health to the canteeneer?
They call me the canteeneer, &c.

When the stars are glimmering bright
In the canopy of night,
And the watch-fires' flickering light is burning clear, is burning clear.
To while the time away,
Till the slowly dawning day—
'Tis "a song, a song, a song!"— come, Canteeneer!
Yes, I am the canteeneer, &c.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the canteeneer.

THE MULETEER'S SONG.

From the new opera, The Rose of Castille

Words by E. Falconer. Music by M. W. Balfe.

I am a simple Muleteer,
Not too particular to rules:
I treat the world, both far and near,
As roughly as I treat my mules.
If they atrempt to give me laws,
Kick up, or prance without good cause
And when I bid them, do not start,
Clic clae, my course is clear.
Clic clac, my course is clear,
Clic clac, my way is clear,
I am a Muleteer.

Yes, faith, I am a Muleteer,
Far known and through Castille renown'd;
And many a loving breast when near
Doth trembling 'neath its corsage bound.
But should one call I fly to aid—
To help the fair I'm ne'er afraid;
'Gainst any odds I take their part,
Clic clac, my trade is clear—
Amongst them all I share my heart;
Clic clac, my trade is clear.
Clic clac, my trade is clear;
I am a Muleteer.

...E INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose has blown:
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of a son she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden-gate I stood
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood
Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen Rose, of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done.
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose in one.
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower near the gate—
She is coming, my dove, my dear—
She is coming—my life, my fate!
The red-rose cries "she is near! she is near!"
And the white-rose weeps "she is late!"
The larkspur listens—"I hear! I hear?"
And the lily whispers "I wait."
She is coming, my own—my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed—
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red!

O'ER HBAVEN'S BLUE VAULTED CANOPY.

From the Opera of Louisa Miller... G. Verdi.

O'er heaven's blue vaulted canopy,
Stars like ten thousand diamonds bright,
Seemed born to grace her loveliness,
The sweet and tranquil summer night.
Hand clasp'd in hand so lovingly,
Heart twined with heart so tenderly,
Hope played around so joyously,
Yet she, alas! proved false to me.
Yet she, alas! proved false to me,
Yes, she proved false to me.

Oh! what an angel's voice was hers,
Tuneful as singing melody:
Fairer than woman spake before,
"Love me," she said, "I love, I love but thee."
Then mute and almost motionless,
Filled was my soul with ecstacy—
Raptured with accents musical,
Yet she, alas! proved false to me.

Yes, she proved false to

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOWED

By G. Verdi.

Oh! once her eyes were diamond-bright,
E're sorrow dim'd them with a tear;
Once her step was fairey-light,
Her silv'ry voice so soft and clear.
But now her heart with anguish breaks,
And hushed is every dulcet strain.
Silent and sad her way she takes,
She'll never smile again,

She'll never smile, she'll never smile again.

Alas! that one so young and fair,
So innocent and free from art,
Should be consigned to sad despair;
Thus soon to bear the mourner's part.
Yes, now her lonely way she takes
To where they parted all in vain.
Her heart in silent anguish breaks,
She'll never smile again,

She'll never smile, she'll never smile again

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle keep;
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is list'ning meekly, purely,
To the wooer at her side;
'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
Running on like time and tide.

Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, her's the cot:
Sweeter far she deems his whisper,
Than the night-bird's dulcet thrill;
She is smiling, he beguiling—
Tis the "old, old story," still.

Maiden fair, oh, have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

The autumn's sun is quickly going,
Behind the woods of castles keep;
The air is chill, the night winds blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,
The "old, old story," sad and brief;
Of heart betray'd and left nigh breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.

Maidens fair, oh, have a care;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

I'VE PARTED FROM ANNIE.

I've parted from Annie but not to forget her,
Her form is still with me where'er I go,
Mid the world's busy crowd, in the gloom of my chamber,
Like a Guardian Angel she flits to and fro.

'Twas her that made both so endeared to my bosom,
'Tis her who must still for its scenes make me sigh,
The bridge, and the walk, and the sweet flowing Avon,
And her favourite church pointing up to the sky.

SHE THINKS OF THE PROMISE SHE MADE HIM AT PARTING.

She thinks of the promise she made him at parting,
And suitors strive vainly her hand to obtain,
For the vows she has utter'd shall never be broken
The maiden will true to her lover remain.

She sighs not for title, for riches, nor splendour,
Bright bubbles that melt in a moment away,
Her hand she bestows where her heart can go with it,
The bosom's affection can never decay.

Tis this that will shine in a season of sorrow,
And last when the hey-day of passion is o'er,
When beauty shall fade like the dew of the morning,
And title and gold raise ambition no more.

THERE WAS A TIME.

There was a time when we our fond vows plighted
And met with rapture near the much lov'd spot
And is it true that vows can e'er be slighted,
And old familiar faces quite forgot?

There was a time, when, if had any told us
That we as strangers should each other see,
How we had scoff'd, and yet they now behold us,
Even as strangers, wheresoe'er we be.

There was a time when all seemed bright before us,
Each day declining but new joys to bring;
Now has the cloud of sorrow burst o'er us,
And d sappointments come the breast so wring

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

Music at Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

I saw her with a rosy wreath,
Of wild flowers rich and gay,
I heard her sing in dulcet strains,
Her merry simple lay.
Oh! why that garland, fresh and fair,
And why those notes so sweet,
And why that smile and beaming glance,
A wanderer to greet.

Her sky of light was one clear blue,
No storm cloud flitted by,
She'd yet to learn what ploughs the cheek,
And what bedims the eye.
She'd yet to mourn that season bright,
Which comes but to depart,
And having left us, comes no more,
The Summer of the Heart.

ANSWER TO ANNIE LAURIE

ANNIE'S REPLY.

Tune.—Annie Laurie

If all you've now been saying,
Doth from the heart proceed,
Then upon those words relying,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
And future years will prove,
That in wedding Annie Laurie,
You'll not repent your love,

Though small our destined portion,
If by my side you be,
I'll ask no other blessing,
I have my all in thee.
I have my all in thee,
And shouldst thou trouble know,
Thou wilt have thy Annie Laurie,
To share them with thee too.

BE SURE SHE LOVES YOU STILL.

What though across your vivid brain,
A thousand thoughts may glide,
What though for peace in vain you seek,
At morn or eventide.
They are but fancies sporting with
The sufferer at their will:
As in past days she lov'd you dear,
Be sure she loves you still,

She did not yield her youthful heart,
That heart again to take;
She did not give the promis'd word,
And mean that word to break.
Her feelings closely follow her,
Go wheresoe'er she will,
Then let these words your comfort prove,
Be sure she loves you still.

SHE LITTLE KNOWS THE FULL EXTENT.

She little knows the full extent,
Of that affection felt by me,
Else she would surely now relent,
And deign once more to friendly be.

The church, the cottage, and the lane,
The lovely child whose face she bears;
Tis these that give my bosom pain,
And fills my aching eyes with tears.

LOOK UP.

Look up though gloomy seems to-day,
To-morrow bright may be,
Look up, yon bird though nestless now
Will yet a warm home see.
Look up—the glorious queen of night,
Eclipsed awhile to view,
Shall yet illume with radience bright
The canopy of blue.

And thus, oh, man, though keen the pang
'Twas care's assenting dart,
Though troubles in battilions
To crush the lonely heart.
Believe them blessings in disguise,
As they'll at length appear;
'Tis midnight's gloomy hour that makes
The dawn of light so dear.

IT IS A DREAM, I SHALL AWAKE.

It is a dream—I shall awake,
These pangs cannot be real,
He would not wish my heart to break,
Too noble his, I feel.
He could not stoop so low as e'er
To heed the tatler's tale,
Or let the force it must convey,
With him one hour prevail.

And yet this silence doth portend
Some heavy trial at hand,
But conscious innocence shall make
Me firm against it stand.
The enemy when face to face,
With her he basely wrongs,
Will find to his extreme disgrace
What unto truth belongs.

FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS.

One summer's morn I chanced to stray,
Beside a spot where flowrets grew.
And from the studded sweet portene,
Formed a boquet of varied hue.
So bright and beautiful it seemed,
Possessing all that charms the eye;
'Twere almost easy to believe
Stch glorious things could never die.

Alas, alas, one little day,
Saw all my flowers of life bereft
But while in this sad state they lay
I found they still had odour left.
And thus I said—while those we prize
But bloom awhile to fade away,
They leave an odour yet behind—
Remembrance never will decay.

SWEET SUMMER, ADIEU.

Sweet summer, adieu!
With thy roses so gay,
Thy bright sky of blue,
And thy warm sunny ray.
Thou season of beauty
Ah, why in such haste,
To fly. ere thy pleasu re
We scarcely do taste?

Yet, w! le thy departure
I sadly do mourn,
A voice sweetly whisper—
I go to return.
But no such sweet whisper
Stern fate doth impart,
When once the bright summer
Has fled from the heart.

I WAITED BY THE BEECH TREE.

I waited by the beech tree,
Beside the rippleing rill,
The orb of day was sinking fast
Behind the distant hill.
The bee had sought its hive of sweets,
The lark its feathered nest,
I waited by the beech tree,
For her I lov'd the best,

'Tis long ago since that sweet eve,
Near the same tree stand I,
But gaze not in a happy face,
Nor hail the laughing eye.
Those features I behold no more,
Those eyes no more shall see,
Yet still I wander as before
Beside the old beech tree.

I wander—perhaps you ask me why,
My simple strains condemn,
So be it, I can chidings bear,
Have long been used to them.
But rob me of my bliss, who can?
Through life's short hour to last,
'Tis récollection takes me there,
Sweet memory of the past.

TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

Tis sweet to be remembered,
As through this world we stay.
To know there's some kindred soul
To cheer us on our way.
Say their are happier hours in store,
And bid us yield to grief no more.

Tis sweet to be remember'd,
When from that friend we part,
Then strongly do we feel the tie,
Which binds us heart to heart.
How cling we to the hand we take—
How cordial is the parting shake.

MUSIC HATH A MAGIC.

Sung by Mrs. W. J. Williamson, at the Lord Raglan Music Hall.

Music hath a magic,
For though its tones depart,
Touch the chords of feeling,
There home is in the heart.
Who cannot remember
Some soft and touching theme
Which over life's December
Still cast a soothing gleam
Young and old may listen
As steal the notes along
While their bright eyes glisten,
Spell bound by a song.
Music hath a magic,
For, though its tones depart,
Touch the chords of feeling
Their home is in the heart.
If we roaom the Greenwood,
And hear the lark's sweet lays
How the heart springs upward
And join the song of praise
Let us in our sorrow,
But hear a gentle tone,
Hope steals all our senses,
And half our griefs are gone.
Music hath a magic,
For, though its tones depart,
Touch the chords of feeling,
Their home is in the heart.

O WEEP FOR ENGLAND'S DAUGHTERS.

Sung by Mrs. Badzey, at the Canterbury Hall.

O weep for England's daughters,
By foreign hands betray'd,
Far o'er the Indian waters
Their lifeless forms are laid;
Amid the roar of battle,
Beneath the burning sky,
Their dirge the cannon's rattle,
They laid them down to die,
The wailing of their slaughters,
Comes o'er the distant wave,
O weep for England's daughters,
Weep, weep for England's daughters,
O weep, ye cannot save.

England, star of nations,
The glory of the world,
Rouse from thy lamentations,
With war's red flag unfurl'd;
Young men and patriot's hoary,
The guardians of our land,
Rise in your might and glory,
Unsheathe the deadly brand,
Let earth and sky and waters
Ring forth your battle cry,
Your watch-word "England's daughters,"
Avenge! avenge them!
Yes, avenge them!
Avenge them ere ye die.

DEATH OF HAVELOCK.

Sung by Mr. T. Farrant at Weston's Music Hall.

Mourn, mourn, ye sons of Albion; the brave
Havelock is no more!
His sun is set, he sleeps in peace, his pilgrimage is o're;
In the noontide of his glory, Death struck the fatal blow,
When our need of him was sorest, and laid our hero low.

AIR.

When fell destruction o'er the land
Came rushing like a flood,
And fiends in human shape imbrued
Their hands in guiltless blood,
From Albion, mighty Albion,
For deeds of arms renown'd
Her warrior chief went forth elate,
With many a laurel crown'd.

To punish India's lawless band,
He left each tender tie!
And, with a patriot's soul, resolv'd
To conquer or to die!
All flashing bright 'neath Eastern light,
His banners were unfurl'd;
And soon the murd'rous Sepoy's power,
Low in the dust be hurl'd.

Amidst the battle's wildest hour,
This was his hopeful trust;
"Thrice arm'd are they in deadliest fray,
Who have their quarrel just,
Oh, may a graceful nation pay
Due honour to their chief;
And, with their heart-felt sympathy,
Assuage the widow's grief.

Oh, Albion! mighty Albion!
The birth-place of the free;
Soon may thy Silver trumpets sound
To notes of victory;
Then shall each manly heart confess,
The deed was nobly done;
And render thanks to Him who hath
For us the victory won.

MINNIE.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky,
And the soft winds sigh through the grove,
Mid the fragrance of flow'rs and the green spreading bowers,
A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea,
For the sun's beaming high in the cloudless sky,
And a true heart is waiting for thee,
A true heart is waiting for thee."

In the silent night, when the moon shines bright,
And the pale stars faintly peep,
At my window I hear the same voice sweet and clear,
Calling softly while mother's asleep,
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea:"
Then without a reply, like a bird, soon I fly,
To the heart that is waiting for me,
The heart that is waiting for me.